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NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Hewlett in Tuseany.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett says in introducing his two handsome volumes, "The Road in Tuscany: A Commentary" (The Macmillan Company), that he has never opened a book when he could read what he wanted on the hillside or by the river bank. It must be that the river bank and the hillside often failed him, for we find here the memories, duly employed, of many booksan abundance of the sophistications of the literary scholar. Of some others who have considered Italy he says: "Herr Baedeker loves the train; Mr. Murray, disembodied from the fetters of time and space, seems to flit from museum to museum, no eye remarking his means of locomotion; the late Prof. Ruskin seldom left the pulpit; the late Mr. Grant Allen never left the

We fail to make out certainly whether this last means that Mr. Grant Allen was inevitably instructive or that he never grew up. The author is capable of having his fling at people when he pleases. His scorn of Herr Baedeker is only thinly veiled. In his chapter on "Ghosts of San Gimignano" he says of this eminent guide: "I shall not be his scholiast here because the things which he did not see seem to me so much more precious than these which he did see. He saw the museum, but I saw the custode of it, a very noble priest. He saw the fresco, but I its poor, patient proprietress. He saw the inn and said it was a good one. So it is; but I saw the innkeeper's pretty daughter, and was witness to the unuttered, unutterable passion of the waiter for her.' But does he himself tell us of this innkeeper's pretty daughter and this unutterable passion of the waiter, overlooked forbear." he goes on, "to speak of this

tragic comedy and pass it over for some of the masterpieces of the Florentine school which fill two churches here, it is not because I think these latter are so much to the purpose in San Gimignano-for indeed they are far from the purpose-as things which are the very efflorescence of the very soil and air, but rather that I may speak of Santa Fina, and yet again in praise of the incomparable Ghirlandajo, who has dignified her maudlin legend beyond belief and made a beautiful and tender little drama out of the clot brained ecstasies of the hagiologist.'

It is plain that he never got this on the hillside or by the river bank; he is either forgetful or not exactly sincere. It is plain, too, that he jumps hither and thither, abruptly, without great concern for order, in what we might almost call unrelated flights. He is an impressionist, careless or perhaps proud of any feverish irritation that he may set up in the reader. We ourselves have never had any fault to find with Herr Basdeker. We will wager that many an mpressionist has turned to him with inward gratefulness in faltering moments. It has never seemed to us exactly nice to rest in his bosom and to make fun of himafterward. We will add that, with all his explicitness and charity, we have found him in plenty of instances very charmingly

We have marked an impression at page 124 of the first volume. We read: "The Baths of Lucca has the leafy amenity, the watered roads, the retired villas, obliging tradesmen (very brisk with their go-carts), geraniumed gardens and trim terrace walks of, let us say, Clapham Park. It cannot escape, however, and does not escape the smug obtuseness of that sanctuary; in fact. it is not the thing for which one travels the mountains of Tuscany. I observed in it a boulevard dedicated-I know not whyto the person and conversation of Mr. Marion Crawford. This is the fact: Viale Marion Crawford. I dare say that he stopped there. and am sure that he was comfortable; but personally I was glad to find out that the sooner you leave the Bagni the sooner you are in the mountains again and can begin to climb in between them.

in Tuscany the name of a brother novelist? Why this carefully declared readiness to depart suddenly from the scene of it into the mountains? Shall we ever learn, either from books or from sitting by the river? Contrary to our habit, which is not unmarked by generosity, we ask these questions without ever intending to answer them. Our ignorance is our excuse. We know nothing about the matter. If anybody ever asks us "Why did Mr. Hewlett fly the name of Marion Crawford?" we

shall be constrained to answer: "Search us." Some things are plain and downright in these volumes. Florence has changed. Ten years ago Mr Hewlett wrote about it. It must be that he spoke of it with compreprehensive approval then. Now he says: Florence is dead, and year by year shows less of what made her live as more and more foreigners come to picnic upon the remains. And by dead I mean dead at the heart; for a city may have lost all that made it once appear significant and separate, and vet live, and vet be itself, by distinction and direction of the living spirit. So is Siena. a little town without commerce or art or any temporal prosperity, living still-the city still of St. Catherine, of the Tolomei and Salimbini, of Pandolfo Petrucci and all his turbulent household; so is Paris alive. hidden deep in a mountain of mortar and stucco and bad pictures. But Florence is

They have been busy in Florence in ten years. It is dead, but they have been alive. They have built and stuccoed and laid sidewalks. They have set up telegraph poles and procured cars that run on rails. Because of their conscienceless activities the author is now crying his palinode. "The city, as it now is," he tiful, rather than confessed so. Too much has been done to it, too much crowded into narrow space, and too much allowed to spill over. When you begin the renewing of Florence, with wires and poles for your telegrams, rails for your tramways, and the hundred other makeshifts a man has been taught to need, you distort an old town in order to make a botched parody of a new one. The narrow ways of Flor ence were intended for the passage of the citizens who were at home there and received each other there with entertainment of business or pleasure. In the open piazza they feasted, danced, made shows, sacred or profane; in the streets they traded, and walked as they traded. A train of mules might pick its way between, a horseman or two, a file of infantry. Room would be made for an ox team now and then, for a saint under his canopy, or God in the pyx, or a dead man on his bier. This is the kind of traffic for which the streets like the Corso, Borgo SS. Apostoli, Calzaioli, or Por Santa Maria were designed. The present effect is disenchanting and full of every discomfort of sound, sight and sense.

The author praises the phrase of a Tuscan poet of the people-"carnationed are your words" - uttered to a sweetheart. "A phrase for Keats," he says. It may have been noticed a little way back that he himself, in speaking of the Baths of Lucca. uses the phrase "geraniumed gardens." We wonder which is the finer, which Keats would have considered the more honorable geraniumed gardens" or "carnationed words." After all, a phrase suffers no in-

jury if it is allowed to lie modestly with its context. It is curious but not important to think that "pinked words" would not have done at all, and that "chrysanthemumed garden" would almost be thought to be facetious. An interesting book, perhaps a little too much crowded in places with matters not gathered by the river's brim It is supplied with an abundance of photographic and impressionistic illustrations.

After Twenty Pounds of Radium.

The three boys who had the opportunity to sail to the island celebrated in Howard R. Garis's story of the "Isle of Black Fire" (J. B. Lipp noott Company, Philadelphia) will be thought singularly fortunate by the numerous other boys who will surely read the record of their adventures. In this isle, which is declared to be situated about 16 degrees west and 6 degrees south (a distinctly watery spot on the map), the savage natives cherished as their most important possession a lump of radium weighing twenty pounds. When anybody came ashore from a wreck it was their habit to put him in a sealed chamber along with this ardent substance and allow him to cook-s ruthless practice having some religious significance; but with radium at \$2,750,000 a pound, it has seemed to us that the pecuniary side of the matter was as interesting as any of the sides.

The feelings of the three boys who were going to this savage island after this lump of radium were very joyfully stirred when Mr. Alling, who had them in charge, said to them one fine morning that they were to be furnished with firearms. "He led the way to the gun rack, where he let them select from a choice collection of arms three light, but serviceable rifles, each firing sixteen shots with one loading of the magazine. If ever there were happy boys in the world, they were these three at that moment." Thus says our chronicler, and we can well believe him. "They handled the guns with delighted touch, for never had they owned such treasures." The religious islanders with the radium, far down the watery waste (16 degrees west and 6 degrees south), little knew what was coming to them. We do not propose to tell it all. The storm, the landlocked bay, the prodigious red fleas that nipped the invaders almost with the force of lobsters, the capture of Bill Maynard, the loading of the King with snuff, another energetic material that interested him more than radium-these matters are considered fully in the book. to which we refer the reader.

There is a picture entitled "The Islanders Writhed in Agony." This was when Mr. Alling turned the ship's hose on them. He used boiling water. The enemy fled in panic, nursing terrible burns. 'Twas a victory to be thankful for. "Capt. Foamer walked over and silently shook hands with Mr. Alling. Then he wiped the sweat from his forehead and said: 'You're a wonder, that's what you are. It was almost up with us. A narrow squeak. if ever there was one. If that boiling water hadn't come along just when it did we'd all be in Davy Jones's locker by now."

There was luxury after the battle. Cold water was ordered into the hose-a pleasant substitute in the sixth degree south. "Blackened with powder smoke, the sailors looked almost as dark as the natives they had fought. 'Strip, all of you!' ordered Capt. 'I'll have the hose played on you. But not boiling water,' he added. The men whose hurts did not prevent crowded to the gunwales. The two sailors who had operated the hose so successfully on the natives handled the pipe. Cooling streams played on the tired and sweating men, who splashed the water over themselves. Meanwhile Dr. Bounce had made the wounded as comfortable as possible. The boys had come up from below, and, divesting themselves of most of their clothes, got under the splashing streams, too. It was a het day, and the water's touch was refreshing. The cook was busy in the galley and the odors that came from there made the men sniff.

A victory at arms followed by a shower bath and the ministrations of the cook. Good enough. We do not need to spur the reader to an understanding of the loveliness of these things. Did our adventurers get the \$50,000,000 lump of radium? resolutely decline to say.

The Comedy of a Countess and a Cub. "The Private Tutor." by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may be briefly epitomized as the comedy of Countess and a Cub played against the background of modern Rome-the Rome of the guide books and the lecture tours. The Countess is uncertain as to age and vague as to nationality, but positive in the matter of depravity and noted for a kaleidoscopic past. The Cub is an American, and the heir apparent of countless millions. but even this combination scarcely war rants the vulgarity of his instincts and the boorishness of his manners. Indeed, if the Countess had been less frankly devilish and the Cub less brutal, crude and contemptible, the story would have been more convincing, the interest better sustained and the dénouement less assured from the beginning.

The father of the unpromising hero has employed the Private Tutor, a young man of elegant manners and exemplary morals, to polish up the rough diamond and to marry him to the daughter of an old friend of the family. The father is accustomed to the regulations governing the Stock Exchange and believes that culture is a commodity to be bought like lard and delivered on a given date for value received. He also believes that the plan of the two old friends to unite their fortunes by marrying their children will be carried out like a transaction in the Street. But the father hasn't counted on the vagaries of daughters in general and this nice girl in particular. He didn't know anything about the tutors, regarded in the light of investments. times less trustworthy than regis-

Now all roads lead to Rome. The Cub arrives in charge of the Private Tutor. The nice girl comes on with her father and mother. The Countess has been there all the time-there is a large colony of her sort in the Eternal City Almost everybody else has been in Rome at one time or another, and it would not seem necessary to drag these young people about on a personally conducted tour to all the double starred sights for the sake of giving the reader information that is quite as easily obtained from the Baedeker. But directly the characters all appear the sight seeing begins, though perhaps not exactly as the trusting father would have arranged it if he had planned the campaign. Tutor takes the daughter of the old family friend to book down on Rome from the Pincio, to look up at the frescos in the Sistine Chapel, to see the Colosseum by moonlight and to pionic at Hadrian's villa He delivers the lectures we all have heard at each point of interest, and the nice girl drinks it down so eagerly that the Countess calls her a "piece of blue eyed absorbent cotton." Women with a past are sometimes spiteful. The Countess takes the Cub into the Catacombs, goes with him on wild rides on the Campagna, and drives to the No manufacturer

PUBLICATIONS.

can be indifferent to the consuming possibilities for his products found in a million homes-any million homes-no matter how

When it is remembered that the homes to which THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL goes are the kind of homes which will appreciate THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, then it is understood why six only thing to do with it is to pick it up with the tongs and put it in the fire and then to fumigate the library before the children these million homes about a given product, under a given brand, is inexpensive.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL does not go to poor people who have no money. It does not go to rich people who have no interests. The five million people who read it are between the extremely rich and the extremely poor-the class that has made and makes the success of every advertised article.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

The Countess doesn't deliver any lectures but altogether the quartet "do Rome" as thoroughly as a "Cookie" on his first visit. The Tutor tires the girl's mother out early in the performance and does a lot of "Daisy Miller" excursions with the girl alone. The Countess and the Cub never bother about a chaperon at all. The upshot of the matter is that the Tutor proposes to the girl on the Palatine Hill, and the Countess wrings a confession of love from the Cub at her villa. Having arranged everything to suit themselves, the high minded Tutor cables for the father to come 4.000 miles to be told about it. He is the busiest man in America, but he makes the journey and is coaxed into giving his blessing to the girl and the Tutor by the girl herself. Just at the last moment the Countess decides that she cannot take the Cub after all, even with his millions-which is too bad, for she might have made a man of him. The moral of the story would seem to beput not your trust in tutors.

Helen of Troy, a Jolly Story. "Helen of Troy, N. Y., by Wilfred S. Jackson (John Lane), is an entertaining and well written little tale with whimsical and absurd situations, dashing character sketching and the most agile plot that one often finds in fiction. It is light as froth, but it is intended to be and in its way it is decidedly elever The thread of the narrative is fine and small, but it entangles itself in a snarl of perfectly impossible and novel situations evidently for the mere sake of disentangling itself again by clever and unusual process action of the story is quick and frolicsome, the dialogue bright and entertaining. Indeed, save for the employment of certain tion," "reffish," "scorbutic street goer, "anglophebic bristle" and the irritatingly persistent use of the word "onto," it might be said that Mr. Jackson has written an ideal little story for a mental lark. The plot projects itself from, and is engaged with, a quarrel between a pink and white German Freiherr with an inflexible vertebral column and an inperial mustache and a hot headed obstinate young Englishman with the brutal frankness of his kind. It is the immediate outcome of the German's uncompromising dislike for and non-comprehension of Anglo-Saxon individualism and freedom of speech and the English man's lack of the standard of manners which so nicely regulate the barrier between civility and incivility on the Continent Of course there is a lady in the case, the rich American lady who carefully says "vurry." and a young English nobleman is drawn into the quarrel, which eventuates in a duel with rather serious results in the Englishman's garden. A young man of leisure, with histrionic ability and deep interest in amateur theatricals, is called in to act as one of the seconds, and because his card is found in the wounded German's pocket complications ensue which confuse the second with the principals and make things interesting for the author and the

The young man of leisure has a sister and he has also a woman friend who plays leading lady to his hero-rôle in the amateur theatricals. The English nobleman has also a sister, a delightfully spirited and merry girl, and these complete the dramatit personæ-three pairs and no two of a kind The author sets them all playing Box and Cox with each other in an engaging way but the plot is altogether too complicated to unravel in a brief notice.

"The New Delliah."

"The New Delilah," by Eleanor S. Terry (The Walter Scott Publishing Company) is a historical monologue in which a mele dramatic young woman tells the unsavory and impossible story of her life. It is in tended to be plaintively devilish-it suc eeeds in being simply disgusting. According to her own account, the heroine is a three-ply beauty, whose charms are her own and everybody else's undoing. She is the daughter of an equally ravishing mother with an irresistible tendency for doing the things she ought to leave un-done, and a titled father, who lavished upon the mother all the luxuries of wealth except a wedding ring and the right to bear "the name of one of England's oldest and proudest families"-a mere oversight on his part, no doubt. It is the old story of woman's trust and man's fickleness, and the heroine who is writing her own story is ultimately born amid humble surroundings at the home of her mother's sistera virtuous and generous matron, who has and devotes the proceeds of the bar to educating the girl at a fashionable boarding The result of the beer-bought culture is that the girl learns to despise her benefactress and to scorn the avoca tion of barmaid which she is supposed to

Like all heroines of machine made books of this brand, she readily finds a situation tomb of Cecilia Matella on the Appian Way. small parish. The vicar's wife would be

when she has a daughter of her own of the devoted English type. However, once settled in her new home, the heroine attacks the inevitable and long suffering curate, and when this saintly tea drinking hero is madly in love with her she eloped with the county squire at a day's notice, but returns after a season in Paris, where she assumes the moral rôle of an offended seraphim, to bear an heir for the squire which isn't an heir after all, but only a girl. Then she murders her husband, seduces the ourate all over again and kills herself writing until the last moment on her story about meeting the curate "in the sweet fields of Eden" or some other place where she evidently doesn't intend to hold fast by the laws of the Decalogue any more than she has done in her brief but vigorous career

in this world. It is a book wherein the old transgressions are painted in with purple. The old situation savors of the perfume of cheap musk and patchouly and stale cigar smoke. The home from school.

A Good Detective Story. The reader will find himself properly treated when he comes to Burton E. Stevenson's story called "The Marathon Mystery" (Henry Holt & Co.). This is a New York story of hice crime and nice detection. Not that the crime is not robust enough; it is murder twice repeated, but the murders are done with skill applied to the end that there shall be concealment, and we defy the reader to make out as soon as. Godfrey the born detective did why they were done and who did them.

We have always said to ourselves that the great author of "File No. 113" was quite inimitable. It is likely enough that we should still think so were we to read him again, but we must say that our feeling is that Mr. Stevenson in this story is pretty closely on his heels. There is not exactly the same glamour; no American detective could go about exhibiting quite all the glamour that is easily possible to a Frenchman in the business, but Godfrey is perfectly accomplished in everything that is necessary to his purpose, and his strictly American manner very particularly endears him

The deadly pet snake from Martinique will put shudder into the reader. It was all right when Godfrey decapitated him with a stick and recovered the valuable necklace upon which he had been coiled; but he was terrible, and it must be said that he worked for righteousness as long as he

Distinctly an interesting story-one of he sort that the reader will not lay down before he goes to bed.

Story of the Golden Fleece.

The young reader needs always the classical things, but he needs them par-Jason's Quest," by Dr. D. O. S. Lowell, master in the Roxbury Latin School (Lee & Shepard, Boston). Here is the story of Jason and the Argonauts, told with a sense of its peculiarities, but told respectfully notwithstanding. It is interesting and instructive, and it will please and profit those to whom it is addressed. It is illustrated in the proper spirit and very well by Mr. C. W. Reed.

Roland of Altenburg is the champion hero of the new school of romantic fiction, in which royalty hobnobs with common men and modern inventions combine with medieval machinery to complicate the a hero with his coat off and his shirt sleeves which Stone & Co. have published. The ting hero plunges into danger is only equalled by the velocity with which he falls in love. There is no chance too hazardous for him to undertake, no situation too perilous to encounter, and the ingenuousness which he displays in entangling himself in every snare laid for him by his enemies and the author is engaging to the point of endearment. He drives on the scene of action in a hansom and jauntily risks his rova life three minutes after the story begins by leaping into a red motor car on the rampage to rescue the heroine, who is in-He is plain Mr. Donald Scott at the time travelling in America without his coronet or his retinue, and the rescue is modern in spirit and American in method. As if this were not enough of a day's

work, he falls in love with the heroine while he is waiting for her cab to be called, misses his steamer on purpose and returns to his hotel to do some vigorous Sherlock Holmes husiness in discovering the name of his inamorata. Having accomplished this without any delay or needless "marking time "he manages to have a morning ride with her in Central Park and an afternoon tea at her home, which makes him forget all about being Crown Prince of Altenburg and the betrothed of a little Princess of neighboring toy kingdom in his native land. The only discouraging fact which he unearths is that the lady has a flancé as well. This being a rather high gate for a princeling to get over, he returns to put on his robes of office and look after the functions of state in Altenburg, while the lady does her act, all of which she accomplished promptly and directly, too, arriving in Altenburg three months after the Prince has become the reigning monarch of the

Then it is that the hero throws off his diadem takes up another hole in his belt. and the real campaign opens with a joyous mixture of a pursuit after the heroine in a modern special railway train over ice covered rails and with the telegraph wires down and a real mediaval rescue in a fendal castle with arras to hide behind, sliding panels and secret stairways to accelerate the action. The heroine is hustled off to safety in Altenburg, but there is no one to rescue the Prince but the father of the little Princess to whom Roland was engaged so many years ago that he has apparently forgotten all about it.

The two toy kingdoms are about to come to war over a boundary question, and Ronald and the Princess are expected to adjust matters in the old way at the altar. Then it is that the Prince and the author see that they have run themselves into a blind alley in their excitement where ther is nothing to do but to stand still and say the kind of fervent things men do say to look well in print. But just at this junction the little Princess enters so modestly and quietly that you scarcely realize that she is the real heroine after all, and the most original conception in the story. There was some one else that we haven't beard anything about, and the little Princes has been demurely in love with him all these years. She has found out all about Roland. doesn't blame him. "There is always some one else, isn't there?" the little l'inone else, isn't there?" the little PrinReady Today

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

Helen Keller on the Hand

What the touch of the hand means to the blind-deaf,-an article which is a prosepoem. Beautifully illustrated.

Ambassador White on his Mission to Germany

Anecdotes of Empress Frederick. Ex-President Harrison's Visit to Germany. How the News of President McKinley's Assassination was Received in Berlin. Prince Henry's Visit to the United States and What the Emperor Said About It. President Roosevelt Invites Emperor, William on a Hunting Trip. Etc., etc.

"Sandy," by the Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

A new serial novel by Alice Hegan Rice: the story of a Scotch-Irish boy in Kentucky. Illustrated by W. L. Jacobs.

Seven Short Stories

Including a capital fireman's story by Harvey J. O'Higgins; a very amusing consulstory; Gouverneur Morris's "The Cicatrice."

London in Transformation

How London is spending \$350,000,000 on water-supply, transportation, tunnels, bridges, electric tramways, widening the streets, etc. With eleven illustrations.

Christmas in the Philippines

David Gray, the author of "Gallops," tells of a Christmas fiesta where Aguinaldo was a fellow-guest. Illustrated.

A Bust of John Hay

By Augustus Saint Gaudens.

Other Illustrated Articles

ily. Etc., etc.

A Cole Engraving of Murillo's Holy Fam-

BEGINS A GREAT YEAR

A Serial Novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward A Serial Novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin A Serial Novel by Alice Hegan Rice The Associated Press Described by Its Manager Great Inventions Described by Their Inventors The Finest Color-work Ever Seen Articles on American Public Architecture Articles on Luther Burbank's Plant Discoveries Short Stories by Kipling, Anthony Hope, Marion Crawford, Jack London, Owen Wister, Miriam Michelson, Eden Phillpotts, and Forty More

New subscribers who send a year's subscription, beginning with January, may have November and December numbers free. FOURTEEN NUMBERS FOR THE PRICE OF TWELVE. Price \$4.00.

NOVEMBER (begins the volume)

DECEMBER (the Christmas Number)

This is the number which contains Ambassador White's arraignment of the Russian Czar. The color-work is as Wiggs," begins in this number,—"promises to be as popular as the world-famous 'Mrs. Wiggs."

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York City

her irascible old father to give up his lifeand sends Roland off on another "special" rolled up, and he leads an arduous life in to court his American sweetheart, who name, called Bumper. The baby was the short and briskly moving tale which has somehow disposed of her intended just the plain everyday sort and a good Mr. Edward Mott Woolley has related, and in the mean time, and the book closes beshout Roland in Altenhurg which ably a good thing-or to give three cheers for the little Princess, which isn't fair, for she is a thoroughbred and deserves it.

> "Looking for Alice," by Walter Burges Smith (Lothrop), is a story of a little girl named Harriet, who goes down in the bucket of an old well in search of Alice in Wonderland. She finds the "Royal Road to Learning" and lives in the "Land of Letters, meets the "Double-you Twins," rides on the subtraction railroad, learns the multiplication table in the "House That Jack Built" and finds her Alice at last inside the little green and gold door that looks so like the cover to the book from which her mother had read the story of the adventures that all children love, and from that time forth, whenever Harriet was tired of play and wanted to hear about Alice, she had only to open the cover of the little green and gold book and read it for

herself.
For all little girls or boys who have met with a similar experience, under a different and less fascinating name, perhaps, and are just beginning to know the joy of reading books for themselves, Abbie Farwell Brown's "Little Flower Princess" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will be of special charm. It is not altogether a book of fairy lcra, but contains the jovial story of the Miller' Ten Blowers and how they saved the life of the Prince in Holland, a Christmas tale of the Christ child, the history of the mermaid's children and the sweet story of the little Flower Princess who loved her garden more than her kingdom, and vowed never to be married until the right Prince came, who would know her favorite flower, for her heart was with the flower she loved best-the morning glory, with its heartshaped leaves.

"The Quilt That Jack Built," and how he built it for the purpose of purchasing a rifle that he felt he couldn't live with makes an interesting little story in the Cosy Corner Series, published by L. C. Page & Co., written by Annie Fellows Johnston, author of "The Little Colonel stories. It is supplemented by another story of how a boy won a bicycle and promotion and success at the same time. These stories are told in the simple, natural manner which gives Miss Johnston's work so much charm, and, while somewhat religious in trend, it is the kind of religion that doesn't do any harm and gives no offence to either

boys or girls.
"The Story of a Mission Indian," by Kathryn Wallace (Richard G. Badger), is not a tale in which children will be keenly nterested, although the hero was a little Indian boy who had been adopted by a Roman Catholic lady and brought up in the faith she held sacred. The sketch is evidently written by an unpractised hand, her sympathy with the Indians and exploiting the work of the Franciscan missionaries in California than in telling the story of the little boy. He is not at all the type of Indian lad that has hitherto figured fiction, his chief characteristics being his kindness to animals and his intense devotion to the "Blessed Mother" to whom he has been taught to pray, and who answers ry belongs to the Books for the Children

Once upon a time, as they say in fairy

long project of uniting the kingdoms, to freckles named John, and a huge spotty accept the some one else as a son-in-law | brown dog, with more kinds of breed mixed up in his anatomy than any fancier could fore there is time to tell what they all say was lovely. The dog was a good deal of it. They formed a copartnership under the title of "Baby John and Bumper," and had a series of adventures which Anna Chapin Ray has written about and which Henry Altemus has published. It is one of those books written about a child rather than for children, but which is so whim-

sically amusing that all children will enjoy hearing it read aloud, and the grown-ups who do the reading will find it entertaining. A long time ago there was a most interest-

ing business firm consisting of "a lady, a doll and a dog," who kept a fascinating toy shop on Sixth avenue, where a little boy named Bobby and a little girl named Bobbinette spent all their half holidays No one can find the toy shop now or any other like it, so it is a good thing that Annie R. Talbot has written a story all about it under the title of "Bobby and Bobbinette for the lady was the dear old fashioned sort that children love: the doll, whose name was Esmeralda, and who lived in the show window, was a magnificent specimen, and the dog was an astute and entertaining animal, although his color was vellow and his pedigree variegated. The story is a long one and contains the life history of Bobby and Bobbinette, even to the days after they were married and Bobbinette had a doll baby to play with that seemed even more wonderful to her than Esmeralda did in the days of her glory. The story is sweet in sentiment, moral in tone and is the sort of thing that children dote on, even though it spoils their appetite for better things, like sweets pefore dinner. It is published by the H. M. Caldwell Co. "Little Dame Trot," by Mary Agnes

Byrne (The Saalfield Publishing Company). is a story written to entertain children. and at the same time to point a moral to mothers with a method. It is just the sort of thing a mother with

method never would read and little girls uffering under the dispensation of a system would be much better off without, for the pathos is overdone and the sentimentality mawkish and unnatural. Happy children shouldn't be taught to be sorry for themselves, even if their clothes are not cut after the latest fashion. Sad little children need diversion rather than sympathy. "The Nursery Fire." by Rosalind Rich

ards (Little, Brown & Co.), is one of the flat, square books that rest so comfortably in a child's lap and are printed in the clear. large type that makes a book attractive in young eyes. The stories it contains are just the sort that children love best, for they tell of simple little adventures that real children meet with every day. They tell them, too, in a pleasant, chatty way that is charming after the great wash of feeble and false sentimentality which comes on at this season of the year to catch the Christmas trade. The little boys and girls around this nursery fire are neither very very good, nor are they ever perfectly horrid They are natural, mischievous, lively youngsters, who have their tantrums and spankings and tears as well as their brief angelic intervals, and there isn't anything they don't think of doing, from having a "Mumps Circus" to giving Santa Claus himself a Christmas present, with eight cookies marked "For Randeer" and laid down on

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large book of "little stories for little children," illustrated by Leon Foster Jones and indorsed by a preface from Bishop Huntingdon, in which he says "It takes a Master, wise in the art and mystery of parables, to talk to a child." The stories have been told to the author's children from their third to their tenth year, and are intended to teach a moral lesson as well as to amuse and entertain. The book is published by A. Wessels Company.

Other Books.

For such as are interested in the real romance of the nobility the handsome volume written by Lady Russell, the widow of Sir George Russell, Bart. "Three Generations of Fascinating Women" (Long-mans, Green & Co.), will be delightful reading. The three women who give the title to the book are the Hon. Mary Bellenden, Caroline, Countess of Ailesbury, and the Hon. Mrs. Damer, but nearly all the sketches turn upon the beautiful Miss Gunnings, and their connections. The articles are studies in the author's family history as is shown by the elaborate genealogical chart at the end. They are made carefully from perhaps obvious sources, chief among them Walpole's "Letters," and from tradition, but the author has no inclination to spoil a good story by too curious an investigation. That adds to the attraction of her book for the general reader, particularly as she does not hesitate to digress about other entertaining persons. A great many fine portraits embellish the volume. In many cases several of the same person are provided, which enables us to form some idea of what she or he really looked like. It is so hard to understand from most portraits that have come down to us why the beautiful women of years gone by Continued on Eighth Page.

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